Limo

MAN
Jesus H. Christ! Darktown Strutters’ Ball!

WOMAN
Just having a good time.

MAN
What? Voodoo celebration or something. I thought we were going to a farmhouse.

WOMAN
Well,this was the country once.

MAN
Turn it around,Billy.

BILLY
Slowly,Sir. Got to thread through.

MAN
Well,little faster. They’re plastering their faces on my window.

BILLY
Will do!

WOMAN
You’re denying our roots!

MAN
Never! But we’ll remain in our Museum District Penthouse,thank you M’am. Speaking of which,Billy,I’ll want the coldest vodka-tonic you can engineer. On the deck. And then keep ‘em coming!...mellow out and forget this fright!

WOMAN
But the realtor is waiting for us!

MAN
Yeah? Another sucker’ll come along. Throw cell phone back,Billy, so the Missus can inform the REALTOR we won’t be goin’ back to the plantation. Yahsuh! And I can see your rosebud smirk in the side mirror. You never heard this conversation.

BILLY

What conversation?